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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Indian student who goes to study in England is faced by a great opportunity and an almost unique test of character. The Indian traveller, too, who, not being a student, finds time for a prolonged sojourn in the west, is similarly privileged and tested. The privilege lies in direct contact with western methods, motives and manners. And this contact provides also the test. Our traveller is lost if he allows his individuality and his national consciousness to be overcome by the new influences, forgetting the wisdom of Indian tradition, and the impossibility, and undesirability, of a new birth for himself. If he is strong enough not to be thus overcome, he returns to India broadened, enlightened, with a profounder and more stable patriotism. If he yields, he returns from one alien country to another, and is thenceforward homeless.

Books have been written, such as Mr. Mason's *Broken Road*, to show the hopeless misery of the Indian who returns denationalised, and they sometimes assume that the denationalisation is inevitable. We have now, however, among us a large number of returned travellers who are living proofs of the contrary theory, men who are more securely happy, more efficiently active, because of their wider experience. One constantly wonders, however, whether they have found it possible, in the order of their minds, to reconcile all contradictions. Strange and interesting must be the complexity of their feelings as they look upon the familar currents of Indian life. There is surely much matter for drama in the recent return from Europe of the Yuvaraj of Mysore. When he was ushered with enthusiasm through the streets of the city, and replied in noble terms to the people's address of heartfelt welcome, the annual Dasserah

festival was in full swing. He was plunged instantly in the full flood of the life of his state. The old religious ceremonial, the Maharajah's daily ascent of his throne in face of his thronging people, the palace courtyard with its array of magnificent horses, its elephants, its multitudes; the nightly illuminations; the wrestling, the bull-fights, the ram-fights, the enveloping music—all these familiar signs of Dasserah pomp and festivity must have seemed new to him, and been judged anew. They would be judged, one feels, with understanding, approval, and sympathy; yet here, as in numbers of other cases, one's imagination lingers on the inevitable complexity of the feelings roused by such a situation.

Seldom has educational travel meant so much as to the Indian of the present day. But it has always meant much. We can think, without much trouble, of many eminent men of letters who were largely *made* by their travels. Milton, Ascham, Addison, Borrow, Longfellow, Stevenson, no two of these reaped exactly the same harvest from their travels, but without them none could have fulfilled himself. Lowell says there are two times in a man's life when he may travel with advantage—before he is thirty, for enjoyment, and after he is thirty, for instruction; and Mark Twain is suggestive after his manner when he says that a man never knows what a consummate ass he is till he goes abroad. Globe-trotting may be, and often is, especially among Americans, mere vulgarity; or such complacent "hustling" as enabled one American lady first to accomplish a fairly wide European tour for an expenditure of about sixty pounds, and then to write a triumphant book entitled, *How to see Europe on next to nothing,* which title may rather be taken to mean *How to see next to nothing of Europe*, for such rushing is not travel at all.

There are now a number of "travel-schools" whose curricula consist partly of educative journeys and partly of definite study during a part of each day. Perhaps the best-known of these is conducted by Mr. Porter E. Sargent, of Cambridge (America), who takes boys for a world-tour and a European tour in alternate years. The European tour is of particular advantage to the boys: they learn French and German, for instance, as they could never do without residence in France and Germany; and they can study history on the very spots where it was made. "The entire cost* of the school year of eight months is about three hundred and seventy pounds. This includes care, tuition, maintenance, and all travelling expenses from the time of sailing until the return to the United States. School work begins on the same day that the steamer leaves New York. Short excursions are made where the steamer stops at the Madeiras, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Genoa. A few days are given to excursions in and around Naples, to Pompeii, Puzzuoli, or Capri. Time is also spent at Sorrento, Amalfi, and Ravello, permitting morning school-work. In Rome there is opportunity after school-work for sight-seeing, for

* The quotation is from a recent number of *Chambers' Journal*.

visiting monuments, churches, ruins, and museums. The tour is continued by Florence, Bologna, and Venice, through Austria to Germany, where Munich and Nuremberg are visited. Next come tours in Holland, Belgium, and France ; with motor journeys through the chateau district and Normandy." They cross over to London, and are taught to consider it as a world in itself. "There is some touring and motoring in Devon and Cornwall, and Chester is also visited before departure at Liverpool." Other schools have somewhat similar tours. We may agree with the head-mistress of one of them, who declares that in such tours, "travel becomes not the mere sight-seeing round of the courier-driven tourist, but a revelation of humanity in its great phases of evolution and history-building, which develops in the young mind tolerance without sentimentality, knowledge without pedantry, and taste without affectation."—It appears also to develop Johnsonianism without restraint.

To Correspondents :

We shall endeavour to return rejected manuscripts if stamped and addressed envelopes or covers are enclosed. We seldom publish contributions from our student readers, but are glad occasionally to accept them as voluntary contributions.

Declined with thanks.—R. K. Inehta (?) ; V. V. Kanelkar ; C. G. Rama Rao ; P. S. K. ; C. R. A. S.

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OUR SERIAL STORY.

The Boys of Devapur School.

CHAPTER VIII.

By Harry Banbury, B.A., L.C.P.

THE MELA.

(*Concluded*).

"WHO is going to the Mela this afternoon?" said Shambhu Nath as he entered the Hostel Common Room a few weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter.

"You will have to get leave first from the Superintendent" said Harish Chandra, one of the prefects.

"Well I shall want leave till late at night. A very good Parsee theatre has been opened on the Mela grounds, and I shall want to stay and see that," said Shambhu Nath.

"You won't get leave for that," Harish replied. "Nobody is allowed to be out of the Hostel quadrangle after eight o'clock!"

"What nonsense to make such a rule! We are not babies," said Shambhu Nath. "Then who is to prevent us leaving the Hostel if we wish? There are no bars on the windows. Any one can get out through his room window, and when he has done that it is quite easy to get over the fence surrounding the compound."

"That's true," said Harish, "We can get out if we wish, the Hostel is not a prison with bars and bolts."

"Then why don't you go out whenever you like" said Shambhu Nath. "I never saw such a quiet lot of fellows as you are. There is always some fun going on in the bazaar, but no one goes."

"You didn't think we were such a quiet lot of fellows a few weeks ago," interrupted Nasir with a laugh, "on the first night you were admitted into the Hostel."

"Oh! well, that's a long time ago" said Shambhu Nath a little confusedly. "But as I was saying it is quite easy to have lots of fun if we like. What we have to do is to band together and agree that no one will tell of the other, and then we can leave the Hostel late after roll-call and get back in the morning without any one being the loser."

Some of the boys were busy with their work and said nothing. Two or three others were quite excited about the idea, and said, "That's just the thing: we could get out of the Hostel and in again without anyone knowing anything about it."

"Well," said Nasir, "I don't think it will be quite so easy as you think. From my experience I have learnt that the Headmaster gets to know pretty nearly everything that goes on in connection with the school and the hostels. I have often noticed in my talks with the Headmaster, that he knows of certain things that have been done and ought not to have been done, and that although he shuts his eyes to the breaking of a rule sometimes when perhaps the rule was broken through ignorance, or because something happened so that the student could not help breaking the rule, yet he always takes notice when a rule is broken wilfully. Last year two boys went out of the Hostel late at night. No one knows quite how the Headmaster knew of it, but he did."

"Well, what happened?," said Shambhu Nath.

"They were called to the Headmaster's room, next day;" Nasir answerd, "and you know what happens there."

"A little punishment wouldn't matter much," said Shambhu Nath. "One wouldn't mind chancing that if one could have some fun. One wouldn't mind paying for a little fun."

"I fancy by the look on their faces when they came out of the Headmaster's room that they didn't like the payment for their fun," said Nasir. "Anyhow they didn't break the rules again."

"Besides," broke in Harish, "there is another reason for not breaking the rules. Our Headmaster does not treat us like children. He gives us good reasons for the rules, and leaves it to us to obey the rules. For instance the rule about not being out late at night is reasonable enough. Everyone knows that there are always some bad characters about in the bazaars after dark. Then, too, boys who spend time in the bazaars smoke cigarettes, talk foolish talk, and do other stupid things which all help to ruin their health. A boy comes to school to study, and he cannot study if he spends much time in the bazaars. A boy comes to school to learn to control himself, and he cannot do this unless he learns to obey rules willingly without compulsion. Our Headmaster says that it is for this

reason that he does not bar up the windows and put broken glass on the walls. Rules that are obeyed willingly by boys, make boys into men, but rules that are obeyed because all kinds of measures are used to prevent them being broken make boys into slaves. When we come to the Hostel, the rules are shown to us and we agree to them. If we cannot agree to them, we have no business to come into the Hostel, for it is dishonourable to pretend to agree to the rules in order to be admitted into the Hostel, and then to disobey them after admission. It is just as bad, our Headmaster says, as buying goods on credit from a shop-keeper with no intention of paying for them."

"Oh! you are much too particular for me," said Shambhu Nath. "I want to have some fun out of life."

"If you get some fun at the expense of the good name of our Hostel," said one of the big boys who were studying hard, "you will find that we shall interfere. We don't intend that the good name of our Hostel shall be blackened by one or two fools like you who want some fun."

"Hear, hear," murmured the rest of the studious ones, and Shambhu Nath went out of the common room rather sheepishly, followed by Hamid Khan and Sri Nath, who were much of the same way of thinking as he was.

School closed at twelve o'clock that day, and during the morning the applications from the boarders for leave to attend the Mela were submitted to the Headmaster, after being recommended by the Superintendent.

The Headmaster went rapidly through the applications writing his initials on each. Suddenly he stopped at one, it was that of Hamid Khan. "Hallo," thought he, "here's one applying for leave to attend the theatre in the evening as well. I wonder how many of such applications I have passed over." So he looked through them again, and found that Hamid Khan, Shambhu Nath, and Sri Nath had all applied to go to the theatre. The rest he signed, but on these three applications he wrote, "Leave granted for Mela only: all boarders must be in the Hostel at 8 p. m."

The two prefects distributed the signed applications to the different boys, and as they did so they called the attention of Hamid Khan, Shambhu Nath, and Sri Ram to the remarks on their applications.

"Never mind," said Shambhu Nath to the other two, "come to my room after roll-call to-night. I have a plan for going to the theatre."

The boys went to the Mela in the afternoon but nearly all were back in the Hostel quite early, for the delights of the Mela were not many or very varied and so were soon exhausted. At eight o'clock the Superintendent came out of his bungalow and listened to the roll-call. The two prefects looked carefully when they came to the names of the three who had applied to go to the theatre, but every boy stood in his proper place in the ranks. Then after a final good night from the Superintendent, the prefects dismissed the boys and they

filed off to their different rooms, some to talk a little, and some to go to bed.

The Superintendent then went round the whole building accompanied by the prefects, stopped to chat here and there with some of the boys, listened to whatever complaints there were, and returned to his bungalow.

Half an hour later when all had settled down in their rooms, Hamid Khan slipped out of his room and went to the room where Shambhu Nath, Sri Nath, and Ram Das were living together.

"What plan have you made?" said he to Shambhu Nath.

"Well at ten o'clock," replied Shambhu Nath, we will go out through the window of my room. "You must go back directly to your own room and arrange a bundle of clothes in your bed to look like a body and then pull the sheet over it, so that if the prefects or the Superintendent go round the rooms again to-night, they will think you are sleeping, with the sheet pulled up over your head. We shall do the same here, and then when the clock strikes ten o'clock, we will slip out through my window."

Hamid Khan returned to his own room and made the necessary preparations. Poor Ram Das, who slept in the same room with Shambhu Nath, heard the plans and did not know what to do. "You surely are not going out. You will get into dreadful trouble if you are caught."

"We shall not be caught, if you don't tell the prefects. I suppose you will be fair and not act like a sneak. It will be a very dirty trick if you do go and tell the prefects when we have gone."

Ram Das was very uncomfortable. He did not like to be thought mean, nor did he like to be thought likely to do a dirty trick. So without thinking very much he said "of course I shall not tell tales about you, I am not a fellow of that kind. But I do think you ought not to go out without leave. If you are caught your punishment will be doubly severe since you applied for leave and it was refused."

"Oh! don't talk so much," said Shambhu Nath. "You had much better come with us and have a good time too. But I suppose you are too much of a milksop to break any rules."

Ram Das's great weakness was his dread lest any one should think him unmanly in any way, especially as he was rather slightly made and had very gentle ways. Still he remembered the examination in which he helped others to cheat, because of his weakness, and he did not give way now.

"No, I am not going with you. I will not tell any one about your going out, but you must not expect me to help you in any way. And I give you warning that if you are caught, I shall not say that you were present in your room when you were not."

"Wait till we ask you" said Shambu Nath. Then turning to Hamid Khan, who re-entered the room at that moment, he exclaimed, "What a fool you are! Why are you dressed like that? Fancy going to the theatre in your school dress. Why you will sure to be caught!"

"It's the smartest dress I have got" said Hamid Khan. "One must look smart at the theatre."

"Well any how, take off that golden safar, and wear a fez instead. Your black coat and white trousers won't be noticed, as many people wear that dress. Look at me and see what I am wearing."

Shambu Nath, who had been dressing for his excursion all the time he was talking put the finishing touches to a costume which he fondly thought was in the correct European style. It consisted of mustard coloured suit, a green shirt, a collar and necktie of different shades of pink finished off with a dirty pair of white socks which showed between the up-turned bottoms of his trousers and the tops of a painfully bright yellow pair of boots.

"You are smart" said Hamid Khan and Sri Nath, admiringly; "you look a regular sahib." Ram Das said nothing, but he thought that Hamid Khan with his long black coat with a tiny bit of white collar showing round the neck, his spotlessly white trousers and his clean white canvas boots looked infinitely neater and more gentlemanly.

In a few minutes the boys arranged their beds so that to the casual glance it looked as if the boys were asleep with the sheets pulled up over their heads. They then crept quietly through the window, and shut it after them, and got safely out of the compound without being seen. They hurried along without speaking, walking along the darker parts of the road till they reached the front of the theatre. Here it was impossible to hide themselves, as the whole front of the place was lighted up with flaming lamps. They slunk nervously about waiting for their turn. As they were standing there a quick trotting horse and buggy passed swiftly by. "Did you see that?" said Sri Nath, who had turned round to see who it was.

"No," said Hamid Khan and Shambhu Nath together. "Who was it?"

"I can't be sure," said Sri Nath, "but it looked like our Headmaster's buggy. I wonder if it was, and if he saw us."

'Oh, no, it wouldn't be the Headmaster," said the others; "and if it was he would have stopped to call us if he had seen us. There is no need to worry." Just then the crowd in front moved forward, and very soon the three boys bought their tickets and went in with the rest.

The play was of the usual kind with lots of fun, and the three boys would have enjoyed it thoroughly under normal conditions, but every now and then the uncomfortable thought kept coming into their minds, "what if the Headmaster had seen them?" and so all were glad when Shambhu Nath said, looking at his watch, "It is half-past one now, and we had better be going back."

They slipped out of the theatre and hurried to the hostel but they were not to have quite such good fortune in getting back again as they had done in geting out, for as they were crossing the compound, the chowkidar who was right at the far end, saw the three figures, and he raised an alarm. He called the other servants and in a very short time the Superintendent accompanied by the chowkidar and the servants was walking round the hostel to see if any thieves had broken in.

Short as the time had been it was

ong enough for the three boys to get in through the window, although not without some mishap, for Shambhu Nath tore the yellow trousers he admired so much right up the front by a projecting nail just under the window.

Hamid Khan ran off to his rooms, and before the Superintendent came round the rooms all three were undressed and on their beds apparently fast asleep.

"This is the room near which the three thieves seemed to be," said the chowkidar as they came past Shambhu Nath's door. "Is any one awake here?" asked the Superintendent as the chowkidar showed the light into the room. There was no answer, and the Superintendent again asked, "Has any one heard anything here?"

Shambhu Nath yawned, opened his eyes, and said "What is the matter?"

The Superintendent again asked if he had seen or heard anything unsual.

Pretending that he had only just recognised the Superintendent, he sat up in bed and said, "Is there anything wrong, sir?"

"The chowkidar says that he saw three thieves near the window of this room," said the Superintendent. "Have you heard anything?"

"Oh, no, sir, we have heard no thieves here," was Shambhu Nath's answer, and so the Superintendent went on. Finding nothing wrong he returned to his bungalow, telling the chowkidar to keep a sharp look-out.

Shambhu Nath, Hamid Khan, and Sri Nath all overslept themselves that morning; consequently they were late for roll-call, late in bathing, late in getting their food, and late in getting to school.

They hurried across the playing fields hoping to be able to creep into the classroom without being seen by the Headmaster, but unfortunately as they entered the room to take their places in class, they found the Headmaster there talking to the teacher and examining the class records for the last few days. He looked up as the three boys came in, and said "How is this? what have you been doing to be late? Boarders have no excuse for being late."

"Please, sir, we overslept ourselves," said the three boys together.

"Oh" said the Headmaster, "and how was it you overslept yourselves?

"We got tired at the mela," answered Shambhu Nath.

"I suppose you were in the hostel at eight o'clock?" asked the Headmaster.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boys, quite relieved to find the question that they had been dreading put in this form.

The Headmaster said nothing then, but went on to his room.

"We have got out of that very well haven't we?" said Shambhu Nath to the other two.

"Yes," said Sri Nath, "if it was the Headmaster who drove by the theatre last night, he could not have seen us."

A few minutes later, however, they did not feel so comfortable, for the Headmaster's chaprassi came with an order that Shambu Nath, Sri Nath, Hamid Khan, and Ram Das were to go to the Headmaster's room.

"He must have seen us after all,"

said Hamid Khan dolefully. "Now we shall catch it hot."

When they entered the room the Headmaster looked up and looking at them searchingly for a second or so, said to Ram Das, "You don't look so tired as the other three boys. I suppose you went to bed like a sensible boy last night and did not go to the theatre."

"No, Sir; I did not go to the theatre," said Ram Das quickly. He certainly did not want to be mixed up with the others in this trouble.

"That is good, but why didn't you go and tell the prefects that the others were going to the theatre," said the Headmaster sharply.

"Please Sir, I couldn't do that," stammered Ram Das. "It would be telling tales about them."

Shambu Nath, Hamid Khan, and Sri Nath did not like the way things were going at all. Here the Headmaster was not asking them if they had been to the theatre, and so giving them a chance to deny having been there, but he was taking it for granted that they knew they had been caught. "This was not at all fair," they thought; "it didn't give them a chance. But they could not say anything, for what was there to say?"

"It would not have been telling tales at all," said the Headmaster. "If I locked you up like prisoners, and then your room-mates tried to get out, there would be some reason in your excuse for not wanting to tell tales, but, as you know, I have given you freedom to rule yourselves. You choose your own prefects, your own committees, you run the Hostel yourselves, of course in accordance with the advice of the Superintendent and myself, but you are as free as it is possible for you to be. Each one of you is helping to manage the Hostel, and when boys like these three wilfully break rules that they agreed to keep, they are disobeying the orders of each one of you, and you therefore have the right to call in the help of the prefects to prevent the breaking of the rules. They are not sinning so much against me as against each resident in the Hostel."

"Now," turning to Shambhu Nath and the other two, "you know I saw you at the theatre last night. What have you got to say for yourselves?"

They had nothing to say, they could only mumble something about not doing it again.

"No I don't think you will do it again," said the Headmaster. "Since you went to the theatre after my refusing permission to you, there is no excuse for your conduct. For the sin against the school as a whole, for every breaking of a rule or law in any community, be it a school or a kingdom, is a sin against the community and has to be punished severely, I shall punish you in the usual way. The sin against each individual in the Hostel will be punished in another way. You three will be separated in future, and you will each live in a room governed by a senior boy, and since you can only act as irresponsible children, and do not know how to control yourselves and obey your own laws like men, you will be treated as children. You will not be allowed to leave the school grounds for a month, and you will have

to report yourselves, whenever he wishes, to the senior boy of your room, and obey his orders in every respect. This will continue until he reports to me that you are becoming more like men." After this, Ram Das was told to go to his class, and a few minutes later the other three followed him, feeling more chastened both in body and spirit, than when they had entered the Headmaster's room.

(*To be continued.*)

JOHN MASEFIELD: The Everlasting Mercy.

(Being part of a paper read before the South Indian Branch of the English Association).

BY THE EDITOR.

EACH one of the recent poems of Masefield is a desperate attempt to penetrate to reality. He finds that there are many kinds of disguise to be stripped off, and the process is carried so far as to outrage, if not the moral, at least the artistic decencies. We must make concessions to his fervour before we can go a step with him. But his excesses are the defect of the most necessary virtue, and he has power too to enforce the concession. In each poem he has chosen to represent the crudest and most candid life; for his whole study is the self-revelation, in word and deed, of his characters, and the life of the cultured cannot be stripped of disguises. He is determined to analyse the matter of life, and he choses the sincerest form of life he can find. Each poem exhibits a strong human soul reacting strenuously upon a cramping and torturing environment. In each case the struggle is felt to be vital and of universal import in spite of its individual urgency. In each case, the nature of the hero is so played upon in the struggle as to undergo vital change. No artistic considerations will induce Masefield to idealise arbitrarily either that change or the issue of the struggle. He refuses to eliminate either chance or the mystery we call fate. He gives the upshot as life will have it, and refuses any makeshift reconciliation. Yet profounded reconciliation is not lacking.

In *The Everlasting Mercy* we are confronted and appalled by an uncouth, rough-hewn specimen of humanity, powerful and strenuous not merely in body but in mind and soul. It is a study of his change. First a riot of wickedness; then a consciousness of the isolation and loneliness that follow wickedness, and at the same time a deep and passionate resentment against the conditions that positively invited that riot, and at the smug futility of those others who, so far as any real moral restraint goes, would be riotous sinners to, if they could or dared. Then the impulse to blot out by self-destruction his own guiltiness and the hateful sight of the world's insincerity and unrighteousness. Next, the resurgence of the will to live, not to be cheated into death before the joy of life has come. Now, a desperate venture for fulness of life in utter revolt and defiance. Finally, the sudden arresting, the new blinding vision, the change, and peace.

The story is put dramatically in the mouth of the man himself, and the psy-

chology is masterly, to the smallest detail. The central idea is that of the man's power. He is as violent in his repentance as in his sin and his revolt. And not only the violent will but the penetrating mind is his. There is mental power behind the bitter irony of that indictment of the parson—clear perception of the difference between the church's precept and its practice, and of the wrongness of the social order that tempts and then punishes the sinner. There is, too, a sort of Calibanesque vigour of the earthy and uncultured imagination. Masefield's keen physical perception is at home here.

I know of no lines where the physical perception that belongs to poetry is keener than in these :—

The men who don't know to the root
The joy of being swift of foot,
Have never known divine and fresh
The glory of the gift of flesh,
Nor felt the feet exult, nor gone
Along a dim road, on and on,
Knowing again the bursting glows
The mating hare in April knows,
Who tingles to the pads with mirth
At being the swiftest thing on earth.

To no-one comes more naturally than to Masefield the imagery of the senses; and in the utterance of this uncouthly imaginative hero of his, image succeeds image of extraordinary physical power.

I give her silver for a feather
And felt a drunkenness like wine
And shut out Christ in husks and swine.

Or that indictment of respectability :—

But you, ye minds of bread and cheese,..
You suck blood from kindly friends,
And kill them when it serves your ends
Double traitors, double black,
Stabbing only in the back,
Stabbing with the knives you borrow
From the friends you bring to sorrow.

Or, at the height of his madness, that horror of the divinely-threatening sky :—

The moon came pale, the wind came cool,
A big pike leapt in Lower Pool,
The peacock screamed, the clouds were streaking,
My cut cheek felt the weather breaking;
An orange sunset waned and thinned
Foretelling rain and western wind,
And while I watched I heard distinct
The metals on the railway clinked.
The blood-edged clouds were all in tatters,
The sky and earth seemed mad as hatters;
They had a death look, wild and odd,
Of something dark foretold by God.
And seeing it so, I felt so shaken
I wouldn't keep the road I'd taken,
But turned and wandered towards the inn,
Resolved to brace myself with gin.
And as I walked, I said, "It's strange,
There's Death let loose to-night, and Change."

Such is the power of vivid and disturbing imagination in the mind of Saul Kane. And one of the finest elements in the poem is the repeated lighting up and spiritualisation of that crude imagination under the influence of the religion he has found. Here the harsh narrative verse becomes lyric and exalted, in long-sustained melody. Yet it is never for an instant undramatic;

every thought and every image is proper to the fierily-reformed Saul Kane, and its very exaltation is expression of his old violence. Several of these passages are splendid poetry, and make us long for new direct lyrical utterance from the mouth of Masefield himself.—

O Chirst, who holds the open gate,
O Christ, who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn for ever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there.
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

The transition to such lyric outbursts is sudden, as dramatically it should be, and this lightning of Kane's soul is gone, often, ere one can say, "It lightens." It is of the nature of his religion that its light is ever flashing suddenly upon the common moments of his life, and Masefield shows profound psychological understanding when he allows his hero to startle us from time to time with such abrupt yet wholly poetic exclamations as this: —

Each one could be a Jesus mild,
Each one has been a little child,
A little child with laughing look,
A lovely white unwritten book;
A book that God will take, my friend,
As each goes out at journey's end.

The crisis of the poem is of course the sudden and utter transformation—or apparent transformation—of Kane with his acceptance of Christianity. The crude bare soul accepts the very crudest and barest form of Christian dogma and is immediately healed, and set upright in a new path. This is a phenomenon by no means uncommon in life, and that healing process is so interesting and so enviable, and so complete a deliverance, for the individual in whom it occurs, from the uncertainty and unrest of life, that it has often been curiously studied. One feels that there must be a universal helpfulness somewhere behind that individual deliverance. Masefield is intent upon revealing the universal import of the change, and his study of it is the heart of the poem. To begin with, we have the sincerity of this tortured soul—its detestation, even in the midst of its own sinning, of falsehood, of hypocrisy, of all unreality. The man is deliberately bad, not weak or twisted in nature; and therefore, as Aristotle would tell us, there is the more chance for him, since the effective will for evil may by a great revulsion become the will for good, while out of weakness or sluggishness it is much harder for good to come. This nature dashes itself against the bars of law and right—conscious of law and right, yet hating the limits and the unfair inconsistencies of life, and glorying too in the revolt.

Out into street I ran uproarious
The devil dancing in me glorious.

It is a nature that cannot be satisfied without overwhelming joy—the joy of physical fitness and swiftness, or the joy of any skill, or the joy of mere unrestrained fury. But gradually he becomes utterly weary and sick of this unchartered freedom ; his own fire begins to devour him ; while that wild imagination of his subjects him constantly to visions of terror. In fear and exhaustion, he is ready for his change. As is natural and common, the instrument of change is of the slightest—the few vivid words of a woman ; an idea long familiar but now presented at a crisis ; and then the sudden shattering of all resistance. The words of Miss Bourne while implying rigid dogmas are quick with the reality of human self-reproach and aspiration :—

> "Saul Kane," she said, "when next you drink,
> Do me the gentleness to think
> That every drop of drink accursed
> Makes Christ within you die of thirst,
> That every dirty word you say
> Is one more flint upon his way,
> Another thorn about his head,
> Another mock by where he tread,
> Another nail, another cross.
> All that you are is that Christ's loss".

The suggestion is far broader than the implied creed, though the creed itself, having been familiar and taken for granted by him all his life, has power upon him now, in the moment of arrest and choice—the most vividly remembered moment of his life—that breathless moment when the universe seems to await a mortal's decision. The scene, with every slightest movement and sound, is burnt into his memory ; and Masefield finely conceives it. The stupour of awakening passes, and there comes the new vision, and power of speech.

> I heard her clang the Lion door,
> I marked a drink-drop roll to floor ;
> It took up scraps of sawdust, furry,
> And crinkled on, a half inch, blurry
> A drop from my last glass of gin ;
> And someone waiting to come in,
> A hand upon the door latch gropin'
> Knocking the man inside to open.
> I know the very words I said,
> They bayed like bloodhounds in my head.
>
> "The waters going out to sea
> And there's a great moon calling me ;
> But there's a great sun calls the moon,
> And all God's bells will carol soon
> For joy and glory and delight
> Of someone coming home to-night.
> Out into darkness, out to-night,
> My flaring heart gave plenty light...
> I did not think, I did not strive,
> The deep peace burnt my me alive ;
> The bolted door had broken in,
> I knew that I had done with sin.
> I knew that Christ had given me birth
> To brother all the souls on earth,
> And every bird and every beast
> Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

He wanders through the night till dawn, in the ecstasy of a rediscovered world. There is magnificent poetry here, as the liberated soul expands, and exults in its new indissoluble union with that world to which its own outrage had made it a stranger. There could be no more exalted theme for poetry, and I

know no other poet who has surrendered himself to the singing of it. Creed is thrust backward and we witness only a home-coming. This is a rebel, who in spurning the unwritten law of God has become an alien to ordered and law-abiding Nature. Throughout he has bitterly felt that inevitable exile. And now, on his returning, he feels that he is made unutterably welcome. As he wanders, with cleared heart and vision, through the dawning light, each sound and sight of nature is full of the revelry of his return.

The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was bubbling out of Paradise ;
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper story
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours.
O glory of the lighted soul.
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,
The dawn which pass and never passes,
"It's dawn," I said, "and chimney's smoking,
And all the blessed fields are soaking...
It's dawn, and I must wander north
Along the road Christ led me forth."

As slowly he wanders up the road, he re-creates the world. Each revelation of the dawn is beauty and wonder to him, never seen before, save with the clear and innocent vision of childhood, now so late remembered. The years between are wandering and blindness : the air of childhood is the air of home.

To the old, honest, kindred earth, then, he will devote himself. On the hillside moves farmer Callow ploughing.

O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,
O truth, O strength, O gleaming share,...
Slow up the hill the plough team plod,
Old Callow at the task of God,
Helped by man's wit, helped by the brute,
Turning a stubborn clay to fruit,
His eye for ever on some sign
To help him plough a perfect line.

God's task : the task for a *man*. Hallowed and divinely ordered labour.

Down the long slope the plough team drove
The tossing rooks arose and hove.
A stone struck on the share. A word
Came to the team. The red earth stirred.
I crossed the hedge by shooter's gap,
I hitched my boxer's belt a strap,
I jumped the ditch and crossed the fallow :
I took the hales from farmer Callow.

Those are the last words of the poem, but the words that linger in the memory as being in truth the final words are these in which, surrendering himself body and spirit to this task and fusing in imagination his ploughing and his life, he cries :—

The share will jar on many a stone,
Thou wilt not let me stand alone ;
And I shall feel (Thou wilt not fail),
Thy hand on mine upon the hale.

It is the accent in lines like those that convinces one, almost against one's will, in spite of all the tortures of crudity, that a great poet is here undergoing his preparation.

We have, in this study, the very essence of religion—its yielding, its reconciliation, its resolute self-devotion, its passion. We find it leading to a unified life, deliberate and consistent, as it does whether in a Milton or in a clown. And this setting forth of it was the best that Masefield could give us. What is a poet of profound religious feeling and no creed to do? He has no form in which to put his own aspirations, for save through a creed, or at least with the presupposition of a creed, the religious instinct cannot express itself coherently. The only chance, then, for a man like Masefield is to create dramatically some human being with strength and religious insight like his own, and place him in such a class, or in such circumstances, that to him a creed *is* possible. For a creed, being the creation of the needs of man and the response of God, can even when distorted become the medium of the profoundest religious feeling and truth.

I have sufficiently illustrated the poetic quality of the work. It would be possible to spend some time upon its technical excellence as dramatic monologue. There is no word spoken that is not in character. The self-revelation of Kane is perfect in detail, and particularly dramatic in the swift transition of mood. The dramatic fitness of the long utterance of Mrs. Jaggard is worthy of a long analysis. There are some extraordinarily vivid passages of a sort of plebeian stichomythia, not lines, however, but half-lines, or single phrase, being given to each speaker,—dialogues of uncouth exclamation that startle by their truth. Since all these recent poems are one in character, and since there will be little time to dwell on any save *The Everlasting Mercy*, I may as well illustrate this stichomythic effect from *The widow in the bye street*.

The fair is over, let the people troop,
The drunkards stagger homewards down the gutters,
The showmen heave in an excited group,
The poles tilt slowly down, the canvas flutters,
The mauls knock out the pins, the last flare splutters.
" Lower away." "Go easy." " Lower, lower."
" You've dang near knock my skull in. Lose it slower."

" Back in the horses." " Are the swing-boats loaded ?"
" All right to start." " Bill where's the cushion gone ?
The red one for the queen ?" " I think I stowed it."
" You think, you think. Lord where's that cushion John?"
" It's in that bloody box you're sitting on,
What more d'you want?" A concertina plays
Far off as wandering lovers go their ways.

Again the scenic background is most vividly painted. Masefield has quite a Stevensonian sense of the romance of place, and inevitably gives emotion its fit setting.

Now we come to matters with regard to which Masefield has brought a sword into the critical world; and here it is no longer possible to give unmodified praise. We have seen already the pur-

pose of his realism: he is determined to unveil life, and, having chosen the most candid life he can find, he sets no limits to that candour. Neither grossness of idea nor coarseness of phrase is barred by him so long as it is vital and dramatically fitting. We have not merely earthiness, which is always tolerable, but also mere vulgarity, which never is: sometimes the strength is not sufficient unto the tawdriness. It is of course easy to justify in a general way his choice of the realistic manner and phrase. Apart from the power and openness of truth thus gained, this is Masefield's refuge from the difficulty suggested by Mr. Gosse. On this new stage of his, *he* is not hampered by triteness of situation, of emotion of phrase. It is remarkable, too, if one watches for occasions when a stock phrase would be appropriate, how rigidly it is excluded. There is a persistence in this novelty of phrasing that seems a little artificial sometimes. But the great error is his failure to perceive that there is a certain decency of art that is outraged by the incessant rammings of ugliness, however truthful. The reaction against respectability will be more effective when it is better controlled. Further, there is many a word, and many a mispronunciation or grammatical error, that is fitting enough in a *dialect* poem, but is utterly incongrous in one the basis of whose expression is current English. This contradiction is evident even in some of the finest passages we have quoted.

There is a similar recklessness and defiance in the verse. He is, of course trying to give the impression of rapid and unconsidered speech. Sometimes he is all too successful. But certainly his eight-syllabled verse is wonderfully mobile: he can do anything he likes with it. He is reckless chiefly in his rhyming. He does not improvise rhymes with any thing like Byronic brilliance. The freedom of the style he has chosen seems to provide a constant temptation towards the violent wresting of one line into rhyme with another, and sometimes the result is appalling in its unnecessary and purposeless ugliness. We will concede much to the poetry of realism, but we must deaden our senses altogether if "riddance" is to make harmony with "kittens," "blankets" with "thank its," "fly'un" with "Lion"; nor are we inclined to brook the introduction (or, probably, invention) of a proper name "Teasels," to rhyme with "measles." All this is deliberate, of course, with intent to produce a specific effect; but surely it is mistaken.

It is a relief to turn from this to the wonderful brevity and trenchancy of his style. Sheer style makes memorable many of his lines. It is difficult to isolate them, but here are some that bear separation :—

"The life too wrecked for man to mend."

"The heat and smell and drinking deep
Began to stun the gang to sleep."

"For they'd the skill to draw their plan,
And skill's a joy to any man."

"To burn you dead and burn you clean."

Or the shock of the speech of Mrs. Jaggard, when she speaks of the dearest of her children as

Minnie whom I loved the *worst.*

I conclude with a certain abruptness, familiar to and infinitely excusable by, my audience, who are in the habit of preparing papers when they have multitudes of other things to do.

Were there time, I should like to speak of the distinctive features of *The Widow in the bye street,* and *Dauber,* particularly; but they are similar in power, in promise, and in deficiency. The religious matter does not reappear. We are not to consider Masefield as, in the narrower sense, a "religious" poet. As I have tried to show, the value of the religious element in *The Everlasting Mercy* is due to its psychological excellence its beauty and spontaneity of expression, and the presence in it of just that profundity of religious feeling that is essential to any poet. In both those other poems we have souls in conflict and change, and the issue is tragic. *The Widow in the bye street* in spite of a corresponding fineness of psychology and an increasing beauty of verse, is inferior to *The Everlasting Mercy* in that the central character is almost uniformly passive. And I think one might show that dramatically the issue is not quite satisfying. There is no such blemish in *Dauber* where tragic death seems light in view of the reconciling power of Dauber's self-perfection and heroism, and the deathlessness of his spiritual vision.

We await Masefield's emancipation from his crudity, and we ask of him the treatment, more personal, if possible, of some theme not loftier indeed, but nobler in setting. In his endowment nothing is lacking. Imagination, that tends to build loftily, but will tolerate no foundation save the earth; human sympathy and understanding both broad and deep; vivid perception of detail with the artist's grasp of pervasive truth; a power of spontaneous singing that cannot be concealed yet awaits fuller revelation. All this and more is his, and his too is the strength and constancy to bring it to fruition.

THE PRIEST OF SOMNATH.

The vandal Moslem flashed his sword
At sacred Somnath shrine;
His ruthless legions proudly roared
Beside the surging brine.

The Hindus fought and shed their life
In service of their Lord;
They bravely faced the fatal strife,
The hoary walls to guard.

Three days and nights they kept the fight
Like heroes true and bold,
And falling in their martial might
They slept benumbed and cold.

Five thousand bodies blocked the gate,
They lay in reeking blood;
The Lord of Ghazni pressed in state,
Deep through the crimson flood.

His mighty sword now ripped in twain
The idol in the fane;
The conquered begged and prayed in vain
To stop the hand profane.

A kingdom's priceless wealth there lay
Within its hollow core;
Thus fruitful was the monarch's way
Towards the distant shore.

He left the city ruined bare
For tow'rs of Ghazni town,
Through desert sands and wild beast's lair,
'Neath summer's bitter frown.

And now the hordes with loads of gold
And untold wealth beside,
They caught for aid a Brahmin old
Who looked a willing guide;

To find them through the Guzerat sands,
The fleetest, nighest way;
But he,—he drew them into lands
Where endless deserts lay.

Some thousands died of thirst and heat
Fatigued with hunger's pain;
To Death they crawled on hands and feet,
Upon that weary plain.

They burnt the Brahmin at the stake,
But as the flames uprose
The proffered sacrifice to take,
He laughed to scorn his foes.

He was a priest of Somnath shrine,
And thus avenged was he!
For havoc done beside the brine,
For slaughter by the sea.

P. Seshadri, M.A.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

(In these studies we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and re-write it in the adjoining column, commenting upon the principal errors in the original composition. We simply re-write these essays, making corrections from the point of view of mere composition: no attempt is here made to correct ideas.)

Subject: Bishop Whitehead's contention that the vernaculars should be the medium of instruction in the B.A. Pass Course.

Original Essay.

Ths people of Southern India owe a deep debt[1] of gratitude to Bishop Whitehead for championing the cause of the vernaculars. He might[2] have been carried away by the idea that the people of Southern India should develop their peculiar national characteristics without[3] being lost in the English civilisation. He might have been influenced at the idea that the vernaculars are capable of expressing the ideas of the Western civilisation.

True it is: and noble[4] on his part to support the cause of the vernaculars. But he never considered that, if at all[5] India possessed any civilisation, it was only in Sanscrit. Sanscrit was a term[6] of the past. The language is dead. The vernaculars have developed out of this dead carcase[7] and Pandits even pride themselves in[8] tracing the origin of the vernaculars to Sanscrit, which is not their parent language but a primitive Dravidian,[9] which is lost in obscurity. Whatever literature these vernaculars have, they have in the form of transla-

tion of original Sanscrit works......and Pandits denounce writing ballads and songs, which they do not consider as literature.

This is for pure literature portion[10], and as for science, the vernaculars do contain[11] less than nothing.

Corrected Essay.

The people of Southern India should feel deeply indebted to Bishop Whitehead, who, in championing the cause of the vernaculars, may have been influenced by two ideas—that Indian civilisation should not be wholly merged in English, and that the ideas even of the latter are capable of vernacular expression.

There is some truth in these ideas, and it is noble in the Bishop thus to stand by the vernaculars; but he has failed to remember that the only literature of civilisation possessed by India is in Sanscrit. Out of this language (not now in current use) the Pandits assert that the vernaculars have developed, and they take a pride in tracing the process of development. It is not Sanscrit, however, but a primitive and obscure Dravidian language, that is the source of the southern vernaculars. And as for the literatures of these vernaculars, they consist simply of translations from Sanscrit works: such original creations as songs and ballads are frowned on by Pandits, who do not consider them literature at all. Of scientific literature there is nothing whatever in these vernaculars.

Notes on Corrections.

There is, in the mind of the student-writer, a logical sequence of ideas, which is most efficiently obscured by his language. Note how, in the corrected version, the connection between his ideas is made clear.

1. One may *be* or *feel*, "deeply indebted," and one may be "deep in debt," but we cannot speak of "a deep debt."

2. Why "might"? "Might have been carried away" means that, while it was possible for him to be carried away, he *was not*. It belongs to sentences expressing unfulfilled possibilities and cannot express a mere conjecture which may or may not be right.

3. The phrase "without being" implies that it would be *conceivable* to "develop....characteristics" and at the same time be "lost......civilisation." The student means "instead of being."

4. It is necessary to write in full, "and it is noble," for "true it is" does not go with "on his part."

5. "At all" is meant to emphasise "any," and should therefore be placed after "civilisation."

6. Sanscrit is a *language* of the past; but the *term* "Sanscrit" belongs just as much to the present and the future.

7. He means that this is the theory of the Pandits, but he states it as a *fact*.

8. You can "take pride in" a thing, on "pride yourself upon" it; but you cannot "pride yourself in" it.

9. Very faulty expression, implying that *Sanscrit* is a Dravidian tongue. See the corrected version.

10. (*a*) "This is for" is not the English idiom.

(*b*) "The" must be inserted before "pure" here.

(*c*) "Portion" of what?

11. Why use the "do" form of the verb?

DIALOGUE.

An embarrassing situation.

(From the *Pickwick Papers* of Charles Dickens. We have taken this adaptation from a delightful little book, *Dramatic Scenes from Great Novelists*, by Rose I. Patry, in which scenes from Dickens, Thackeray, Whyte Melville, Anne Bronte, and Jane Austen are adapted for dramatic performance).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Pickwick, Chairman of the Pickwick Club.

Mr. Winkle.
Mr. Snodgrass.
Mr. Tupman. } Members of the Pickwick Club.

Sam Weller (servant engaged by Mr. Pickwick).

Mrs. Bardell, land-lady to Mr. Pickwick.

Master Bardell, Mrs. Bardell's son.

Scene: *Mr. Pickwick's* sitting-room in Goswell Street, London.

TIME—*Morning.*

Enter *Mrs. Bardell,* who begins to dust the room.

Enter *Mr. Pickwick,* L, hurriedly: he paces up and down the room and then sits down at the table, opens a book, then shuts it, then looks at his watch.

Mr. Pick. Mrs. Bardell.

Mrs. Bard. (Looking up from the floor, where she is dusting the legs of an arm-chair). Sir.

Mr. Pick. Your little boy is a very long time gone.

Mrs. Bard. (Rising). Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, Sir.

(Silence for a few moments, during which time Mrs. Bardell resumes her dusting: Mr. Pickwick goes to the door and looks out, returns to his seat and again looks at his watch).

Mr. Pick. Mrs. Bardell.

Mrs. Bard. Sir.

Mr. Pick. Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?

Mrs. Bard. (Advancing to the table and looking very pleased). La, Mr. Pickwick what a question!

Mr. Pick. Well, but do you?

Mrs. Bard. (Putting the duster in her hand very near Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which rests on the table). That depends upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick, and whether it's a careful and saving person, Sir.

Mr. Pick. (Looking hard at Mrs. Bardell). That is very true; but the person I have in my eye I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me.

Mrs. Bard. (Smiling and playing with the duster). La, Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Pick. (Growing energetic). I do, I do indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind.

Mrs. Bard. (Looking rather shy). Dear me, Sir.

Mr. Pick. (Looking at Mrs. Bardell and smiling). You'll think it very strange, now, that I have never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?

(Mrs. Bardell looks at Mr. Pick, and then looks down).

Mr. Pick. Well, what do you think?

Mrs. Bard. (Trembling with excitement). Oh, Mr. Pickwick, you're very kind, Sir.

Mr. Pick. It will save you a lot of trouble, won't it?

Mrs. Bard. Oh, I never thought anything about the trouble, Sir; and of course, I should take more trouble to please you then than ever. But it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness.

Mr. Pick. Ah, to be sure, I never thought of that. When I am in town you will have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will.

Mrs. Bard. (Producing her handkerchief). I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman.

Mr. Pick. And your little boy—

Mrs. Bard. (With a sob). Bless his heart.

Mr. Pick. He, too, will have a companion, a lively one, who'll teach him. I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year (Mr. Pick. smiles on Mrs. Bardell).

Mrs. Bard. Oh, you dear—

((Mr. Pickwick starts).

Mrs. Bard. (Flinging her arms round. Mr. Pick's neck). Oh, you kind, good, playful dear. (She sobs).

Mr. Pick. Bless my soul—Mrs. Bardell—my good woman—dear me—what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell—don't—if anybody should come—

Mrs. Bard. (Frantically). Oh, let them come; I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul (clinging tighter to Mr. Pickwick).

Mr. Pick. (Struggling to disengage himself). Mercy upon me, I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't.

Mrs. Bard. Oh, dear Mr. Pickwick. (Faints in his arms).

Enter *Master Bardell,* ushering in *Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle,* and *Mr. Snodgrass, L.*

(Mr. Pickwick stands with his burden in his arms, gazing at his friends, and they stand staring at him. Master Bardell sets up an appalling howl, and butting forward with his head, commences assailing Mr. Pickwick about the back with blows and pinches).

Mr. Pick. Take the little villain away, he's mad.

Mr. Tupman and *Mr. Winkle.* What *is* the matter?

Mr. Pick. (*Crossly*) I don't know. Take away the boy.

(*Mr. Winkle carries the boy, screaming and strugging, to the further end of the room*).

Mr. Pick. Now, help me lead this woman downstairs.

Mrs. Bard. (*Raising her head*). Oh, I am better now.

Mr. Tupman. (*Offering his arm*). Let me lead you downstairs.

Mrs. Bard. (*Faintly*). Thank you, Sir; thank you.

(Exeunt *Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Tupman,* and *Master Bardell, L*).

Mr. Pick. (*Arranging his neckcloth*). I cannot conceive what has been the matter with the woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keep-

ing a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing.

(*Mr. Tupman has entered during this speech*).

Mr. Tup., Mr. Wink and Mr. Snod. (*In different tones*). Very!

Mr. Pick. Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation.

Mr. Tup., Mr. Wink and Mr. Snod. (*Coughing and looking at one another*). Very!

Mr. Tup. There is a man in the passage now.

Mr. Pick. It's the man I spoke to you about. I sent for him up to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass.

(*Mr. Snodgrass goes to the door and calls man in. Enter Sam Weller, hat in hand; he salutes Mr. T., Mr. W. and Mr. S., and then advances to Mr. Pickwick, who is seated at the table.*

Mr. Pick. Oh, you remember me, I suppose?

Sam Well. (*Winking*). I should think so. Queer start that 'ere Jingle; but he was one too many for you, warn't he? Up to snuff and a pinch or two over, eh?

Mr. Pick. Never mind that matter now. I want to speak to you about something else. Sit down.

Sam Well. *Sitting on left of table.*) Thank'ee, Sir (*looks at his hat in his hand*). Tan't a werry good 'un to look at, but it's an astonishing 'un to wear, and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. However, it's lighter without it, that's one good thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer, I calls it. (*Puts hat on the floor by his side*).

Mr. Pick. Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you.

Sam Well. That's the pint, Sir; out with it, as the father said to the child wen he swallowed a farden.

Mr. Pick. We want to know, in the first place, whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation.

Sam Well. Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lem'n, I should like to know whether you're goin' to purwide me with a better.

Mr. Pick. (*Smiling*). I have half made up my mind to engage you myself.

Sam Well. Have you, though?

(*Mr. Pickwick nods his head*).

Sam Well. Wages?

Mr. Pick. Twelve pounds a year.

Sam Well. Clothes?

Mr. Pick. Two suits.

Sam Well. Work?

Mr. Pick. To attend on me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here.

Sam Well. (*Slapping his knee with his hand*). Take the bill down, I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon.

Mr. Pick. You accept the situation?

Sam Well. (*Rising*). Certainly. If the clothes fit me half as well as the place, they'll do.

Mr. Pick. You can get a character of course?

Sam Well. Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, Sir.

Mr. Pick. (*Rising*). Can you come this evening ?

Sam Well. Bless you, I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they are here.

Mr. Pick. (Moving towards the door). Well, call at eight this evening, and if the inquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided.

Sam Well. No doubt about that, Sir. I'll be back at eight, Sir, Good-day, Sir.

(*Sam salutes each of the gentlemen in turn and goes out. Mr. Pickwick takes up some notes he has been making*).

Mr. Pick. Nice fellow, I must lose no time in going to the White Hart to make inquiries about him. Snodgrass, will you accompany me? and I dare say Mr. Tupman will be kind enough to see if Mrs. Bardell has recovered her very extraordinary indisposition.

Mr. Tup. (*Nudging Mr. Winkle*). Certainly, Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Pick. (*Taking Mr. Snodgrass by the arm and going towards the door*). Very extraordinary attack.

(*Exeunt Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, R*).

Mr. Tup. and *Mr. Wink.* (*Following and exchanging glances*). Very.

Exeunt, *R.*

SOME MATHEMATICAL AMUSEMENTS.

A poet asked

"What would life be without arithmetic, But a scene of horrors ?"

It is greatly to be regretted that, important as it is, Mathematics (especially Arithmetic) is often regarded as a "dry" subject. But a deep study cannot fail to convince us that this apparently dry subject can supply us with amusement. Below are given a few specimens for the edification of junior readers.

(1) *An amazing function of 9.*

Let readers glance over the following columns, and they will not, I hope, oppose me when I say that not without proper reason is 9 thought to be a mystical number.

$$1\times9+2=11$$
$$12\times9+3=111$$
$$123\times9+4=1111$$
$$1234\times9+5=11111$$
$$12345\times9+6=111111$$
$$123456\times9+7=1111111$$
$$1234567\times9+8=11111111$$
$$12345678\times9+9=111111111$$
$$123456789\times9+10=1111111111$$

8 also has a similar function :—

$$1\times8+1=9$$
$$12\times8+2=98$$
$$123\times8+3=987$$
$$1234\times8+4=9876$$
$$12345\times8+5=98765$$
$$123456\times8+6=987654$$
$$1234567\times8+7=9876543$$
$$12345678\times8+8=98765432$$
$$123456789\times8+9=987654321$$

(2) *A mystical number.*

12345679 is really a mystical number, for, the product obtained by multiplying it by any of the first nine multiples of 9 is very amusing. For example,

```
12345679
      54 (i.e. 6×9)
--------
 49382716
61728395
--------
666666666 (9 sixes !)
```

(3) *To prove that 4 = 5.*

If a person declares that he can prove 4 to be equal to 5, you will, I fear, conclude that he has gone mad. But this is just what I undertake to do for you, dear readers. Only have patience and you will see that 4 = 5.

You cannot deny that

$$16-36=25-45.$$

Add to both sides $\frac{81}{4}$, and you have

$$16-36+\tfrac{81}{4}=25-45+\tfrac{81}{4}.$$

i.e. $(4-\frac{9}{2})^2=(5-\frac{9}{2})^2$.

Therefore, taking the square root of these equals, we find

$$4-\frac{9}{2}=5-\frac{9}{2}$$

which proves that 4 = 5!

(The readers are requested to find out whether there is any fallacy in the argument advanced above.)

KSHIRODE BEHARI GUPTA,
Silchar, Cachar.

NOTICES OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

Essentials of Psychology, by S. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., *Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Presidency College, Madras. (The Oxford University Press: Price Re. 1)*

This little book, which is based upon a series of lectures delivered to a University class, is " an attempt to present in a simple and clear way the essential principles of psychology." The attempt is wholly successful. Professor Radhakrishnan gives constant evidence of the breadth of his own study of psychology, and is enabled by his wide philosophic scholarship to give psychology its proper setting. But he rigidly limits himself to the stating of fundamental principles, being tempted neither by detail nor by controversy. Thus his book is both an admirable introduction and an admirable summary. For the student of philosophy;, this book would be an excellent medium for revision, an easy and sufficient book to "get up" with a view to keeping one's outlines clear; but its clarity (which amounts to distinction) of style elevate it far above any type of " cram-book." For a student who does not specialise in philosophy, but would like to know some thing about it; this is a fitting and delightful first book, for it aims at lucidity above all else, and assumes no technical philosophic knowlege in the reader; while it is commonly agreed that psychology is of all philosophic studies the best to begin with.

The Reason Why of Geography, by S. SAMUEL, B.A., *Head Master, St. John's College, Rangoon. (Chintamony Press, 12, Commissioner Road, Rangoon: Price Re. 1-8).*

" This compilation," says the preface, " is mainly practical in its aim, and is intended to supplement the text-books already in use." By the method of question and answer, a summary is given of the definition and facts of astronomical, mathematical, physical and commercial geography. The summary is clear in outline and in expression, and has already been satisfactorily tested in use; while there is a sufficiency of easily intelligible diagrams. The summary is as brief as possible, but is not so brief as to be obscure; and it is likely to be of considerable assistance in High School classes. A number of specimen papers are given from the Matriculation papers of various Indian Universities. The usefulness of the book would have been increased had a little more care been taken in the correction of proofs.

A Comparative Prosody of the Dravidian Languages (Part I, the Sutrams) by T. RAJAGOPALA RAO, B.A. *(Madras: Printed at the India Printing Works: Price As. 4)*

We are not qualified to give a skilled criticism of this book but it interests us extremely. It appears to be the first of its kind, and its subject seems both fascinating and extremely complicated. The author is evidently a profound and systematic student of these prosodies, and he states his conclusions in a remarkably clear and attractive way.